DC
CARTOON NETWORK
#47
JUN '01
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

SCOOBY-DOO!

PHONE

WHAT WAS THAT, DAPHNE? I CAN'T HEAR YOU OVER ALL THAT *SCREECHING* ON THE LINE...

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED HERE? THIS WHOLE TOWN LOOKS *DESERTED*.

GROCERY

CLOSED

CLOSED

LOOKS LIKE EVERYONE'S AT THAT *DINER*. IT MUST BE REALLY GOOD!

LIKE, *PUH-LEASE*, FREDDY...WE HAVEN'T EATEN IN *HOURS!*

DINER

REAH, REAH! RUNGRY!

THE MYSTERY MACHINE

OKAY! *OKAY!*

ENTER

WELL, WE'LL LEAVE YOU FOLKS TO DISCUSS OUR *GENEROUS OFFER*. IT'S IN YOUR HANDS NOW!

I *CAN'T BELIEVE* YOU'RE ALL SERIOUSLY CONSIDERING *LEAVING!*

CAN WE GET A BOOTH, MA'AM?

UNION LOCAL 123

I'LL SEAT YOU, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO BE QUIET... IT'S A *TOWN MEETING!*

BATS WHAT I'M AFRAID OF

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DIGITAL CHAMELEON-SEPARATIONS
HARVEY RICHARDS- ASST. EDITOR
JOAN HILTY- EDITOR

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

OH, IT'S ON ACCOUNT OF THE SWARMS OF *VAMPIRE BATS* ATTACKING THE TOWN.

SWARMS?! VAMPIRES?! BATS?! ATTACKING--?! I DON'T LIKE ANY OF THOSE WORDS. THOSE ARE ALL *BAD WORDS!!*

SHHH!

OUR FATHERS WORKED THESE HILLS FOR YEARS TO GIVE THE UNION A SHARE IN THE PROFITS OF THE MINES!!

YOU'D TRADE THAT AWAY??!! YOU SHOULD ALL BE ASHAMED!!

IT WOULD SERVE YOU ALL RIGHT IF THE BATS GOT YOU. THE COMPANY SURVEYORS COULD FIND A NEW VEIN ANY DAY!

COME ON, NORMA MAE! THE BATS ARE JUST THE LAST STRAW! THIS MINE HASN'T TURNED A PROFIT IN YEARS-- IT'S PLAYED OUT!

AND THE COMPANY *HAS* AGREED TO BUY OUT OUR SHARES AND GIVE US WORK ELSEWHERE...

PLUS, DEAL OR NO DEAL--WE CAN'T WORK A MINE INFESTED WITH *VAMPIRE BATS!*

AND NOW THEY'VE STARTED ATTACKING THE *TOWN!*

WHAT ABOUT *THE CHILDREN??*

HMM...THOSE BOOTS...

WHAT IS IT, DAPHNE?

EXCUSE ME, WE'RE MYSTERY INVESTIGATORS-- MAYBE YOU'VE SEEN US IN THE CITY PAPERS.

IT'S A LITTLE OUT OF OUR EXPERTISE, BUT A MYSTERY *IS* A MYSTERY, AND...

HILLTOPPER NEWS

KIDS AND DOG UNCOVER LIBERTY BELL HOAX

NO ZOMBIE!

BEN FRANKLIN STILL DEAD.

DOG

NOT BEN

WE DON'T NEED *BIG CITY* GHOST HUNTERS MEDDLING IN OUR BUSINESS! THIS IS A *LOCAL* PROBLEM!

DON'T MIND NORMA MAE, KIDS. WE'RE ALL A LITTLE ON EDGE... BUT TRUTH IS, WE COULD *USE* THE HELP.

WE'VE TRIED ALL KINDS OF PEST CONTROL, BUT IT'S LIKE THESE BATS ARE GUIDED BY A *SUPERNATURAL INTELLIGENCE*.

MY OFFICE IS FILLING UP WITH BATS I'VE CAUGHT TRYING TO ATTACK PEOPLE. I EVEN GOT BIT MYSELF, AND IT *HURT!*

THAT'S ODD. VAMPIRE BATS SECRETE AN ANESTHETIC SO THEIR VICTIM WON'T *NOTICE* THE BITE.

AND THEY USUALLY ONLY PREY ON SMALL LIVESTOCK-- CALVES AND CHICKENS.

STOP! *ALL* THIS IS GROSS-- CAN'T WE *EAT* BEFORE TALKING ABOUT THIS?

YOUR STOMACH'S WHAT GOT US INTO THIS. YOU CAN EAT *AFTER* WE INVES-TIGATE!

LET'S SPLIT UP! VELMA, DAPHNE-- YOU GO TO THE POLICE STATION AND LOOK AT THE CAPTURED BATS. I'LL TAKE THESE TWO CHICKENS AND CHECK OUT THE MINES!

I'LL HAVE TO GO WITH YOU FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SON.

BUT I'LL CALL DEPUTY JIM AND HAVE HIM LET THE GIRLS INTO THE STATION.

SOON, AT THE MINES...

WELL, THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM.

WHAT ABOUT THAT VEIN OVER THERE?

NO NEED TO CHECK THAT ONE--IT'S ABANDONED. THERE WAS A CAVE-IN, YEARS AGO, AND IT'S BEEN SEALED EVER SINCE.

ARE YOU *SURE* NO ONE'S BEEN IN THERE SINCE?

CLOSED DANGER NO ENTRY

PRETTY SURE, WHY?

BECAUSE IT'S FILLED WITH SAND AND PEBBLES, NOT THE HEAVY ROCKS YOU'D SEE AFTER A CAVE-IN.

AND THESE SCREWS--THEY'D BE ***RUSTED***, LIKE THIS SIGN, IF THEY'D BEEN IN THIS DAMP CAVE FOR YEARS.

CLOS
DANG
NO
ENTR

THE BATS!

SHAGGY? SCOOBY-DOO? *WHERE ARE YOU!?*

SKREE
SKREE
SKREE
SKREE
SKREE

LIKE, DIDN'T YOU HEAR VELMA? BATS EAT *CHICKENS!!!* *GANGWAY!!*

MEANWHILE, AT THE STATION...

SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR FISHING, DEPUTY.

S'ALL RIGHT, I NEVER CATCH ANYTHING, ANYWAY.

!

SHER

THAT'S THE MINER I SAW AT THE DINER--THE ONE WITH THE SHINY BOOTS!

IT *COULD* BE NOTHING--OR IT COULD BE OUR *FIRST CLUE*. I THINK I'LL SEE WHERE HE'S HEADED.

ORAGE

I KNEW IT! HE'S NOT A MINER AT ALL...

HANDL WIT CAI

AFRIC

...HE'S A *SPY!*

CREEK!

OOPS.

AFRICA

HANDLE WITH CARE

MEANWHILE BACK IN THE HILLS...

THUMP THUMP

THUMP

I CAN'T *TAKE IT!* MAYBE WE CAN DROWN OUT THAT *SCARY NOISE* WITH SOME *MUSIC!*

BEEP BEEP BEEP

LIKE, I CAN'T GET ANY TUNES-- JUST THIS *WEIRD SOUND!*

SOUNDS LIKE SOME KIND OF SONAR-BEACON SIGNAL. WE USED 'EM IN THE NAVY!

THEY'RE LEAVING-- JUST AS SUDDENLY AS THEY CAME!

I WONDER WHERE THEY'RE *HEADED?*

BACK IN TOWN...

...SO I RAN...I DON'T THINK THEY SAW ME.

ANY LUCK EXAMINING THE CAPTURED BATS? ARE THEY EVEN *REAL?*

HARDWARE

CLOSED

FEED

PHONE

LLOYD'S

OH, THEY'RE REAL. BUT THEY'RE NOT CREEPY--THEY'RE *CUTE!*

AREN'T YOU, LITTLE FELLAS?

AND AS I SUSPECTED--THEY'RE *NOT* VAMPIRE BATS AT ALL.

THEY'RE RARE *FRUIT BATS* FROM AFRICA!

SKREE SKREE

AFRICA?! I JUST SAW SOME *CRATES* FROM AFRI--

THUMP

WHAT WAS *THAT*, DAPHNE?

DAPH?

AIIEEEE!!!

SKREE

THUMP

AIEEE!!!

DAPHNE??!! DAPHNE??!!

SKREE

THUMP

JUST MOMENTS LATER...

HERE'S THE FLOODLIGHTS! TOLD'YER IT'D JUST TAKE ME A SECOND TO FIND 'EM.

HURRY UP, FELLAS! DAPHNE'S IN TROUBLE!

SKREE

SKREE

SKREE

SKREEE SKREEE THUMP! THUMP!

FIVE REALLY SCARY MINUTES LATER...

NOW! *HIT THE LIGHTS!*

SKREE

THUMP

SKREE

THUMP

IT'S *WORKING*-- THEY'RE FLYING OFF!

SOON...

GOOD THING SHE CALLED WHEN SHE DID-- BUT ALL THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE...

BATS! WHY'D IT HAVE TO BE *BATS?!*

NO--BUT IT'S *STARTING* TO.

BUT THE DEPUTY DIDN'T FIND ANYONE AT THE WAREHOUSE, JUST THOSE CRATES--SO THERE'S NO REAL PROOF TO CONNECT ANYONE TO THE BAT ATTACKS!

SHERIFF, I THINK WE'LL FIND A *BIG* CLUE TO WHAT'S BEHIND THESE "SUPERNATURAL" BATS UP IN THE *HILLS*.

FIRST WE'LL NEED...

NO. WE'LL NEED SOME *RADIOS*--

--*SNACKS?!?*

--SO WE CAN TRACK THAT WEIRD SIGNAL WE HEARD TO ITS SOURCE!

SOON, BACK UP IN THE HILLS...

THIS CAN'T BE TOO SAFE WITH THOSE *FLYING RODENTS* AROUND!

BEEP BEEP BEEP

THEY'RE *NOT* RODENTS, SHAGGY. AND BATS ARE QUITE *BENEFICIAL*--THEY SCATTER FRUIT SEEDS, AND FERTILIZE FLOWERS. WITHOUT BATS THERE'D BE NO BANANAS, NO AVOCADOS...

OVER HERE, GUYS!

MMMM! GROCOMOLEE!

BEEP BEEP

WELL, IT'S A SIGNAL BEACON, ALL RIGHT-- BUT I STILL DON'T SEE HOW IT'S GOING TO LEAD US TO THE CULPRITS...THEY COULD BE *ANYWHERE!*

ECHOLOCATION!

IN *ENGLISH*, VELMA. AND FAST, BEFORE THE BATS FIND US!

ECHOLOCATION--IT'S HOW BATS "*SEE*" THINGS USING HIGH-FREQUENCY SOUNDS! THIS SONAR SIGNAL COULD ACT LIKE A *REMOTE CONTROL*, TELLING THE BATS WHERE TO FIND *FOOD!*

SO THEY CHASED US, BECAUSE IT MADE THEM THINK WE WERE *BIG FRUITS?*

YES, AND I THINK WE CAN USE IT THE *SAME WAY...*

BETTER THINK FAST, VELMA! *HERE THEY COME!*

MINES

THIS SHOULD DO IT!

SWITCH

REVERSE

FORWARD

SIGNAL DIRECTION

IT'S *WORKING!*

MINES

AND THERE THEY GO! C'MON, GANG--LET'S *FOLLOW THEM!*

WEEOO
WEEOO
WEEOO
I THINK THEY FOUND WHEREVER THEY'RE GOING. PULL UP AROUND THAT NEXT CORNER, FRED!
F.M.D. MINING CO.
THE *MINING COMPANY??!*
F.M.D. MINING CO.
WHY WOULD THEY SABOTAGE THEIR OWN MINES? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!
OH, YES IT DOES!
YOU'VE DONE A GREAT JOB, KIDS-- NOW EXCUSE ME WHILE I DO *MINE*.
YOINK!
DON'T SAY *MINE!* NOBODY SAY *MINE* FOR A *LONG, LONG TIME!*

HILLTOPPER NEWS

"WE WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT...!"

F.M.D MINING CO.

FOR GENERATIONS, THE COMPANY HAD TO GIVE THE MINERS *PERCENTAGES* JUST TO MAKE IT WORTH STAYING THROUGH THE TOUGH TIMES.

SO, WHEN THE COMPANY FOUND A *RICH NEW VEIN,* THEY KNEW THEY'D HAVE TO SPLIT ALL THE PROFITS WITH THE MINERS...

UNION LOCAL 123

UNLESS THEY *FAKED* A CAVE-IN AND CLOSED THE NEW MINE UNTIL THE UNION FAMILIES SOLD THEIR SHARES.

THE COMPANY COULD RE-OPEN THE MINE, HIRE NON-UNION WORKERS TO WORK IT AND SAVE *MILLIONS!*

BUT NOW ALL OUR HARD WORK'S FINALLY GOING TO PAY OFF, THANKS TO YOU. SORRY AGAIN FOR THE COLD RECEPTION WE GAVE YOU.

THIS IS A CLOSE-KNIT COMMUNITY-- GUESS WHAT WE NEEDED WAS A *FRESH PERSPECTIVE.*

WHAT'S THE MATTER, FELLAS?

THIS FOOD'S SO *GREASY,* I THINK EVEN ME AND SCOOB CAN'T EAT IT!

REEREY REASEY!

NOW *THAT'S* A MYSTERY THAT'S *REALLY* OUT OF OUR LEAGUE!

HA HA HA

CHECK, PLEASE!

THE END

ELECTRIC Boo-a-loo
RECORDING STUDIO
THIS IS *IT*.
LIKE, I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS *SCARIER*, THAT *SIGN*--OR *THIS CROWD!*
RALL THE SAME TO REE!
HEY PAL, YOU GOT AN APPOINTMENT?
IT'S OKAY, ROCKO, I RECOGNIZE 'EM. YOU'RE THE KIDS FROM *MYSTERY INC.*, RIGHT?
LISTEN, I'M MORTY SWANK. I'M IN CHARGE HERE, AND, LIKE I SAID ON THE PHONE, I GOT A *PROBLEM*.
DOES IT HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT *SCENE* OUT FRONT?
NAH. THAT CROWD'S ITCHIN' FOR A LOOK AT THE BAND I'M RECORDING.
AIN'T *CALLED 32 B'LO* FOR NUTHIN'. THEY'RE THE *COOLEST* THING AROUND!
OH, MY LITTLE 9-YEAR-OLD NIECE LOVES *32 B'LO!* SHE'S GOT THEIR POSTERS ALL OVER HER BEDROOM WALLS!
WELL, THEY'RE THREATIN' TO *BAIL*, IF I DON'T GET A HANDLE ON THIS WHOLE *GHOST BUSINESS*.
GHOSTS...THAT'S *OUR* BUSINESS. *DEBUNKING THEM*, THAT IS.
YEAH WELL...EVER HEARD OF *DARTH DEMON?* HE WAS ONE OF THE TOP HEAVY METAL ROCKERS--BEFORE A PLANE CRASH ENDED HIS CAREER... *PERMANENTLY*.
WHAAAAAAA
I REMEMBER READING HE WAS *LOST AT SEA*.
YEAH, WELL... HE'S *BACK*.

YEEEOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWW

TUNE GOON

SCOTT CUNNINGHAM: WRITER
KAREN MATCHETTE: ARTIST
RYAN CLINE: LETTERER
PAUL BECTON: COLORIST
DIGITAL CHAMELEON: SEPARATIONS
HARVEY RICHARDS: ASST. EDITOR
JOAN HILTY: EDITOR

WHERE SHOULD I PUT THIS, SWANK?

UHHHHHH???

RRUHHH???

DARTH DEMON'S ROCK N' ROLL MONSTER TOUR

IN THE *DUMPSTER*. I WANT *ALL* DARTH'S OLD STUFF *THROWN OUT!*

WHAT, YOU REALLY BELIEVE IT'S ALL *CURSED?*

I BELIEVE IN PLAYIN' *ALL* THE *ANGLES*. SEE, I EVEN BROUGHT IN THESE KIDS FROM MYSTERY INC.!

FOLKS ARE SEEING DARTH, DRESSED LIKE ON HIS LAST TOUR, ONLY ALL CHEWED UP, LIKE HE'S BEEN SLEEPIN' WITH THE FISHES FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS!

HE *GLOWS*, TOO.

ULP!

SWANK, WE HAVE SOME BUSINESS TO DISCUSS-- *PRIVATELY*.

KIDS, THIS IS PHIL CASH. HE MANAGES *32 B'LO*...

...HE *ALSO* MANAGES *BOYZ N2 BIGGER BOYZ*, AND *UN-SYNC'D UP*.

AH, YES. MR. SWANK SAID HE WAS SENDING FOR *EXPERTS*.

WELL, JUST REMEMBER-- I'M A *BUSY* MAN WITH A *TIGHT* SCHEDULE. BE SURE TO STAY OUT OF *MY WAY*.

MAN, THAT CASH IS A *CREEP*.

FORGET IT. SWANK'S WHO *WE'RE* WORKING FOR...

AND SPEAKING OF *WORKING*, I WANT TO SEARCH THE *BASEMENT*. MAYBE THERE'S A CLUE IN DARTH'S OLD STUFF.

I'M GOING TO THE LIBRARY TO INVESTIGATE HIS *DISAPPEARANCE* AT SEA.

I'LL ASK CASH AND SWANK ABOUT WITNESSES WHO'VE SEEN DARTH'S GHOST.

MAN, WE SEARCH FOR *SNACKS*.

NOW, WHAT EXACTLY ARE *YOU TWO* INVESTIGATIN'?

I'M *TELLING YOU*, I DON'T WANT THOSE KIDS *SNOOPING* AROUND WHILE I'M *WORKING!*

DON'T WORRY. HAVEN'T I PLAYED BY YOUR RULES *SO FAR?* HAVEN'T I KEPT *LARRY* OUT OF YOUR HAIR? YOU AIN'T THOSE KIDS' CONCERN.

GOOD. MAKE SURE IT *STAYS THAT WAY*.

I'M A JUNK FOOD JUNKIE AND I'M FEELIN' MIGHTY FUNKY

YEAH!

YEAH!

CHIPS

RRR-EAH!

AIN'T THAT RIGHT FROM THE HEART? NOT LIKE MUSIC YOU HEAR TODAY! IT'S TOO *FAKE!*

WHEN DARTH FOUNDED ELECTRIC BOOO-ALOO, HE DID IT TO KEEP THE MUSIC *PURE!*

LIKE, IF HE HEARD THAT *BUBBLE GUM* ROCK YOU CRANK OUT NOW, DARTH'D BE TURNING OVER IN HIS *GRAVE!*

MAYBE *MORE* THAN *TURNING OVER!*

GULP!

RULP!

SO NO ONE HAS TURNED UP ANYTHING CONCRETE-- *YET.*

HEY, WE CHECKED OUT LARRY, HE'S *COOL!*

ALL THIS TIME, HANGING OUT WITH LARRY?

WELL, HE HAD ALL OF DARTH'S CDS. I THOUGHT IT WAS *IMPORTANT...*

I SMELL *CUPCAKES* ON THEIR BREATH.

SINCE YOU TWO HAVE RESTED AND EATEN, YOU WON'T MIND TAKING THE FIRST SHIFT ON *GHOST WATCH!*

UM, UH... SURE--YOU CAN *DEPEND* ON *US.*

ROOO-RRRIGHT!

SOON...

ZZzzzzzzzzzz

SHH-RANN-RIEKK

AAAAHHHOWW!

RAAAHHOWW!

IT'S...IT'S... IT'S...

I'M YOUR NIGHTMARE FROM SNACKIN' BEFORE BED!

I'M YOUR NIGHTMARE, AND I'M CUTTIN' OFF YOUR HEAD!

R-R-RARTH R-R-REMON!

RUH-RUH RUH-ROAST!

SORRY, SCOOB, I'M NOT *HUNGRY*.

NO--*GHOST!* *GHOST!*

OH MAN, ANOTHER GHOST SIGHTIN'. AND WITH *32 B'LO RECORDING*. CASH IS GOING TO *KILL ME!*

DO NOT ENTER WHEN RED LIGHT FLASHING

YEAH, WELL, *DARTH* WAS GONNA *KILL US!*

WE NEED TO SEARCH THE WHOLE STUDIO. WE'LL START WITH *32 B'LO*.

DO NOT ENTER WHEN RED LIGHT FLASHING

NO WAY! THEY'RE LAYING DOWN A *HOT NEW TRACK*. THEY CAN'T BE *INTERRUPTED!*

32 B'LO

HMMMM.

BASEMENT

HMMMM.

A GHOST WHO NEEDS *EAR-PLUGS?*

SORRY TO BREAK UP YOUR *SESSION*.

YOU BOYS *TOO BUSY* FOR A *FEW QUESTIONS?*

SWANK, *WHAT* ARE THESE KIDS *DOING HERE?*

ZZZzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz

GROWLL-ERR-RARR!

RARRR-GRRUNNTTT

SO, "DARTH"...

...I SEE YOU FOUND THE LITTLE *PRESENT* I LEFT FOR YOU.

DUDE, YOU WANT THE REST OF THAT CANDY BAR?

I'D LIKE TO HEAR THE "BOYS" ANSWER FOR THEMSELVES.

LISTEN, I'VE TOLD YOU TWICE ALREADY, THE BOYS DIDN'T *SEE* ANYTHING.

AND I'D LIKE TO HEAR THE BOYS *SING* FOR *THEM-SELVES!*

IMPOSSIBLE!

THAT'S WHAT I'M BEGINNING TO *THINK*.

I'VE HEARD YOU HAVE A *SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT* WITH SWANK. GOT ANYTHING TO *HIDE?*

UH, BOYS-- BOBBY-O, MARKY-O, STEVIE-O...

LET'S, UH, CONTINUE LAYING DOWN THE VOCALS FOR "YOU'RE MY BABY, BABY."

MY ONE TRUE BABY BABY

RUUHHH-OOOOOOOO RABY!

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, IT SOUNDS A LITTLE *ROUGH*, BUT THAT'S JUST BECAUSE IT HASN'T BEEN PROPERLY *MIXED* YET.

NOW GIVE A LISTEN.

LIKE *VELVET*...

You're my Baby Baby... my one true Baby

VERY IMPRESSIVE.

ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU WERE ABLE TO INSTANTLY *REMOVE* SCOOBY'S *HOWLS!*

WELL, UH...I... UH...

I HAVE SOMEONE HERE WITH THE *ANSWER.*

LARRY?!? *WHAT'S GOIN' ON?!*

I'LL TELL YA WHAT'S GOIN' ON. THEY'RE A *FAKE!*

LIKE, *YOU* SHOULD *TALK!*

RATS ROR RURE...

HEY MAN, SORRY IF THE GHOST THING TRIPPED YOU OUT. IT SEEMED LIKE THE *ONLY WAY* TO EXPOSE THE *TRUTH!*

I RECOMMENDED SWANK HIRE YOU GUYS. I FIGURED THAT YOU'D DISCOVER WHAT WAS *REALLY* GOIN' ON HERE *SOON ENOUGH!*

UM, WHAT DID WE *DISCOVER?*

MAN, DON'T YOU GET IT-- *32 B'LO DON'T SING THEIR OWN SONGS!*

KEEP YOUR TRAPS *SHUT*, BOYS!

THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE BEEN TELLING US FOR TWO YEARS. I'M *SICK* OF *IT!*

YEAH.

YEAH, TOO.

I'M *ASHAMED* OF WHAT I'VE DONE.

WE'VE BEEN *LIP-SYNCING* THE *WHOLE TIME.*

OH, GEEZ, MY NIECE WILL BE *HEART-BROKEN.*

CASH HIRED US FROM A *MODELING AGENCY*. IT'S HOW HE PUTS TOGETHER *ALL* HIS *GROUPS*.

SOMEBODY CALL MY LAWYER!

MAN, WHAT ARE ALL THOSE FANS GONNA DO WITHOUT ANOTHER 32 B'LO CD COMING OUT?

THEY'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR CASH'S *NEXT* BAND.

BOYZ BEHIND BARS!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

END

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"